

and demostly servents. There was a

Lord Ashlebah and fought with him in

sen, there has never been a time when

ice of our family. A fine race they

Coll when?" Quest demanded:

"Until Craig's father," he admitted

"I am afraid I must admit that we

come upon a had piece of family his-

tory here. Silas Craig entered the

service of my father in 1858, as under

gamekeeper. Here we come upon the

first black mark against the name.

He appears to have lived reputably

for some years, and then, after a quar-

rel with a neighbor about some trivial

executed in 1867. John Craig, his only

son, entered our service in 1880, and,

when I left England, accompanied me

There was a moment's silence,

Lenora and I are sailing tomor-

The professor smoked thoughtfully

"I shall come with you," he an-

nounced. "I shall be glad to visit

see that he has a fair chance, and

these crimes. Is Miss Laura accom-

"From what the surgeons tell us,"

"It is my duty," the latter declared.

tainty. If Craig is lost to me, the

sooner I face the fact the better. At

the same time I will be frank with

you. Notwithstanding all the accumu-

lated pile of evidence I feel in my

heart the urgent necessity of seeing

him face to face, of holding him by

the shoulders and asking him whether

these things are true. We have faced

death together, Craig and I. We have

done more than that-we have court-

ed it. There is nothing about him !

can accept from hearsay. I shall go

CHAPTER XIX.

The professor rose from his seat in

some excitement as the carriage

passed through the great gates of

Hamblin park. He acknowled ed

"You have now an opportunity, my

ciating one feature of English life not

wonderful country. I mean the home

life and surroundings of our aristoc-

racy. You see these oak trees?" he

went on, with a little wave of his

South America and in the dense for-

"They're some trees," the criminol-

"You notice, perhaps, the small

ones, which seem dwarfed. Their

tops were cut off by the lord of Ash-

leigh on the day that Lady Jane Grey

was beheaded. Queen Elizabeth heard

estate. Look at the turf, my friend.

part and make a natural avenue past

the bend of the river there," the pro-

fessor pointed out. "Full of trout, that

river, Quest. How I used to whip that

They swept presently round a boud

in the avenue. Before them on the

sure," he admitted. "Our country

The professor shook his head.

stream when I was a boy!"

mossy, velvet carpet."

quired.

looked at it.

she is able to travel. At the same

Quest shook his head.

your decision, professor."

as my valet."

shrugged his shoulders slightly.

seems to have been, until-"

the Crosswellian were no a troops

SYNOPSIS.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INHERITED SIN.

"Getting kind of used to these courthouse shows, aren't you, Lenora?" | matter he deliberately murdered him, Quest remarked, as they stepped from a crime for which he was tried and the automobile and entered the house in Georgia square.

"Could anyone feel much sympathy," she asked, "with those men! Red Gallagher, as they all called him. is more like a great brutal animal than a human being. I think that even row," Quest said. "We are taking if they had sentenced him to death I over the necessary warrants and shall should have felt that it was quite the bring Craig back here for trial." proper thing to have done."

Too much remilment about those for some moments. Then he rose dethings," Crost agreed, clipping the end liberately to his feet. He had come off a cigar. "Men like that are bet to a decision. He announced it calmter off the face of the earth. They ly, but irrevocably. did their best to send me there."

"Here's a cablegram for you," Lenora exclaimed, bringing it over to him. | England, but apart from that I feel it 'Mr. Quest, I wonder if it's from Scot to be my duty. I owe it to Craig to

Jand Yard?" Quest tore it open. They read it to | owe it to the law to see that he pays gether, Lenora standing on tiptoe to the penalty, if, indeed, he is guilty of

peer over his shoulder: "Stowaway answering in every re- panying you, too?" spect your description of Craig found on Durham. Has been arrested, as desired, and will be taken to Hamblin he said, "it will be some weeks before house for identification by Lord Ashleigh. Reply whether you are coming time, I must tell you that I am glad of

over, and full details as to charge." "Good for Scotland Yard!" Quest declared. "So they've got him, eh?" All "I cannot rest in this state of uncerthe same, that fellow's as slippery as an eel. Leugra, how should you like a trip across the ocean, oh?"

"I should love it." Lenora replied. "Do you mean it, really?"

Quest nodded.

That fellow fooled me pretty well," he continued, "but somehow I feel that if I get my hands on him this time. they'll stay there till he stands where Red Gallagher did today. I don't feel content to let anyone else finish off the job. Got any relatives over there?"

"I have an aunt in London," Lenora with you to England, Mr. Quest." told him, "the dearest old lady" you ever saw. She'd give anything to have me make her a visit."

Quest moved across to his desk and took up a sailing list. He studied it for a few moments and turned

"Send a cable off at once to Scotland with a smile the respectful curtsy of Yard," he directed "Say-'Am sail the woman who held it open. ing on Lucitania tomorrow. Iloid prisoner. Charge very serious. Have full dear Mr. Quest," he said, "of apprewarrants.'

Lenora wrote down the message and entirely reproducible in your own went to the telephone to send it off. As soon as she had finished Quest took "Come on," he invited. "The ma-

chine's outside. We'll just go and look hand. "They were planted by my anin on the professor and tell him the cestors in the days of Henry VIII. I news. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he'll have been a student of tree life in never be the same man again." They found the professor on his ests of central Africa, but for real

hands and knees upon a dusty floor. character, for splender of growth and Carefully arranged before him were hardiness, there is nothing in the the bones of a skeleton, each laid in world to touch the Ashleigh oaks." some appointed place.

"What about that unhappy man, ogist admitted. Craig?" the professor asked, gloomily. "Isn't the Durham almost due now?" Quest took out the cablegram from

his pocket and passed it over. The professor's fingers trembled a little as he read it. He passed it back, how of it and threatened to confiscate the ever, without immediate comment.

You see, they have been cleverer Ages have gone to the making of that over there than we were," Quest remarked.

"Perhaps," the professor assented. "They seem, at least, to have arrested the man. Even now I can scarcely believe that it is Craig-my servant Craig-who is lying in an English prison. Do you know that his people have been servants in the Ashless family for some hundreds of years?"

Quest was clearly intercated. "Say, I'd like to bear about that!" he exclaimed. "You know I'm rather great on heredly, professor. What class did he come from then? Were his people just domestic servants al-

The professor's face was for a moplaces are like gewgaw palaces comment troubled. He moved to his desk, rummaged about for a time, and finally produced an ancient volume.

I didn't bring Lenora along." This really belongs to my brother, Lord Ashleigh," he explained. "He brought it over with him to show me

mays left her with friends, I hope, hir.

vShe has an aunt in Hamestond." the latter explained. "I should have liked to see her safely there my the that which with b tere all or the emoking discreasily. hour or two later down liere, and I bed recovered the beneat. To cut onything, he pronounced, as he should become almost appreciated tell you," he won ton, has voke gather- a longer the a note similar of ferosity, "Pm. 6-7, to I up all now not he st- is true vanting to get my hands on that folw Crais! I wander where they're

ert," the frace or replied: "My roz-1/" he suggested: "Couldn't w some entries concerning which I was brother is a manifestate, of course, and do that?"

Interested, it contains a history of he would see that proper arranged by all means? Lord Ashbards the Hamblin estate since the days of manifestate. There here at the treed, touching a boil, 2'We have Cromwell, and hers in the back, you half door !!

Unig the rose a traint of the first I and Article contest and with an attended Lands, the genial amile of end very nosi they stopped out of the and since those days, so far as I can like majoner, her ever, there was a dis | read, lording yers much us it had been tinct note of anxiety.

claimed, "I am delighted! Welcom: one the smoles from the growt of back to your home! Mr. Quest, I am comparent. On their left-hand very happy to see you here. You have was a stretch of absolutely wild con heard the news, of course?"

The look of trouble had once more clouded this professor's face, Hu fersor replied. "You didn't go to Sectland Yard?"

Lord 'Axldeigh asked. "We haven't been to London at all." be explained. "The groom and the Quest explained. "We got on the bent | Storland Yard man who had been train at Plymouth, and your brother stiting by his side, followed him. The managed to induce one of the directors whom he saw on the platform to stop trace of him at all. Then they re the train for us at Hamblin road. We turned to the house to make a re only left the boat two hours ago. port and get help. I will now about There's nothing wrong with Craig, is son how Craig first cluded them."

Lord Ashleigh motioned them to follow him.

"Please come this way," he invited. He led them across the hall-which, dimly lit and with its stained-glasswindows, was almost like the nave of a cathedral-into the library beyond-He closed the door and turned around. "I have bad news for you both," he

announced. "Craig has escaped." trayed any unusual surprise. So far escape." as the latter was concerned, his first glimpse at Lord Ashleigh's face had warned him of what was coming.

"Dear me!" the professor mur- search?" mured, sinking into an easy chair. This is most unexpected!"

implicated and the positet of the off drilling down the river." con a set I warm most effective on off finter

Quest care abmetly to his feet. "At the local police station, I ex- right on the root where Coaly disap-

neveral hours before we charact fall The carringo drew up below the disc r. I will have a car retail and

ne welcoming host upon his lips. In promedite on to the side of a neurosc "Edgar, my don't follow," he ere ettetch of open common, they don't ter, bounded in the far distance by if "We have heard nothing!" the pro- car stone wall of the park. Anlifeigh led the way through the

> thicket, talking us be went. "Craft came along through here, he explained. "The groom and the searched for an hour, but found a

He led the way along a tongled path, doubled back, plunged into a little planey and came suddenly to a small

"This is an ancient gamekeeper's shelter," he explained; "built a long time ago and almost forgetten now What Craig did, without doubt, was to hide in this. The Scotland Yard man who took the affair in hand found distinct traces here of recent occupa-Neither the professor nor Quest be- tion. That is how he made his first

Quest nodded.

"Sure!" he murmured. "Well, now, what about your more extended

"I am coming to that," Lord Ashisigh replied. "As Edgar will re-"We'll get him again," Quest de member, no doubt I have always kent clared quickly. "Can you let us bave a few bloodhounds in my kennels, and



"Craig Disappeared About Here, Sir."

of things the better."

"You know, of course," he began, "that Craig was arrested at Liverpool in consequence of communications from the New York police. I understand that it was with great difficulty he was discovered, and it is quite clear that someone on the ship had been heavily bribed. However, he was arrested, brought to London, and then down here for purposes of identification. I would have gone to London myself, and, in fact, offered to do so, but on the other hand, as there are many others on the estate to whom he was well known, I thought that it would be better to have more evidence than mine alone. Accordingly, "Where's the house?" Quest inthey left London one afternoon, and I sent a dogcart to the station to meet "A mile farther on yet. The woods them. They arrived quite safely and started for here, Craig handcuffed to one of the Scotland Yard men on the back seat, and the other in front with the driver. About half a mile from the south entrance to the park the road runs across a rather desolate strip of country with a lot of low undergrowth hillside surrounded by trees and with on one side. We have had a little great walled garden behind, was trouble with poachers there, as there Hamblin house. Quest gave vent to a is a sort of gypsy camp on some comlittle exclamation of wonder as he mon land a little way away. My head keeper, to whom the very idea of a "This is where you've got us beat, poacher is intolerable, was patrolling this ground himself that afternoon and caught sight of one of these gypsy pared to this. Makes me kind of fellows setting a trap. He chased him. sorry," he went on regretfully, "that and more, I am sure, to frighten him than anything else, when he saw that the fellow was getting away, he fired "You were very wise," he said. "My his gun, just as the dogcart was pass

the particulars of his escape, Lord as soon as we could get together one Ashleigh? The sooner we get the hang or two of the keepers and a few of the local constabulary, we started off again from here. The dogs brought us without a check to this shed, and started off again this way."

They walked another half mile across a reedy swamp. Every now and then they had to jump across a small dyke, and once they had to make a detour to avoid an osler bed. They came at last to the river.

"Now, I can show you exactly how that fellow put us off the scent here." their guide proceeded. "He seems to have picked up something, Edgar, in those South American trips of yours, for a cleverer thing I never saw. You see all these bulrushes everywhere-clouds of them all along the river?"

"We call them tules," Quest mut-

tered. Well?" "When Craig arrived here," Lord Ashleigh continued, "he must have heard the baying of the dogs in the distance and he knew that the game was up unless he could put them off the scent. He cut a quantity of these bulrushes from a place a little farther behind those trees, then stepped boldly into the middle of the water, wad ed down to that spot where, as you see, the trees hang over, stood stock still and leaned them all around him. It was dusk when the chase reached the river bank, and I have no doubt the bulrushes presented quite a natur al appearance. At any rate, although the dogs came without a check to the

brother and Lady Ashleigh have recov- ing. The horse shied, the wheel We tried them for four or five hours Everything was in harmony, even the ered from the shock of poor Lena's caught a creat stone by the side of before we took them home. The next grave precision of the solemn-faced death in a marvelous manner. I be- the road, and all four men were morning, while the place was being butler and the powdered hair of the Heve, but the sight of the girl might throws out. The man to whom Craig thoroughly searched, we came upon two footmen. Quest, perhaps for the have brought it back to them. You was handcested was stunned, but Creig the spot where these bulrushes bad first time in his fire, fell almost jost, towned appears to have been undust. been out down and we found them hopelessly out of touch with his sur-

looking over the desolute expanse of country, "to that while one comes bimedif once more among face to face with the follow he pre- mail e surcoundings was asats of the appearance of a nerver invade. The conversation is a and broken-down coward. They him and his brother nerhad a sudden there spring up these There were tenants and me which eas of the most amazine, the be miked after, matters -the distrolles resource . . . Who's latter on which he der-

The falter turned his head. An our a he remembered, eldery man in a brown valueteen "I was a queer tornel fitte,

"This is my bord horses, Middle ton," his muster evolutiest. "He was

with us on the chane." The professor shook hands heartily

with the newcomer. "Not a day older, Middleton!" he

exclaimed. "So you are the man who has given us all this trouble, ch? This contleman and I have come over from New York on purpose to lay hands on Craise.

"I am very sorry, sir," the mun replied. I wouldn't have fired my gun if I had known what the consequences were going to be, but them poaching devils that come round here rabbiting fairly send me furious, and that's a fact. It ain't that one grudges them a few rabbits, but my tame pheasants all run out here from the home wood, and I've seen feathers at the side of the road there that no fox nor stoat had nothing to do with, All the same, sir, I'm very sorry," he added, "to have been the cause of any Inconvenience."

"It is rather worse than inconvenfence, Middleton," the professor said. gravely. "The man who has escaped is one of the worst criminals of these davs."

"He won't get far, sir," the gamekeeper remarked, with a little smile. admit that men might search it for things with regard to our origin." weeks without finding anything, but sir, if you'll excuse my making the man," he added, looking at Quest, "is room for the slightest doubt to the in no way connected with them-well, really scientific mind. What sometimes they don't know everything, and that's

"This gentleman is from the United States," Lord Ashleigh reminded him. 'so your criticism doesn't affect him. By the bye, Middleton, I heard this morning that you'd been airing your opinion down in the village. You seem to rather fancy yourself as a thiefcatcher."

"I wouldn't go so far as that, my lord," the man replied, respectfully. "but still, I hope I may say that I've as much common sense as most people. You see, sir," he went on, turning to Quest, "the spots where he of armor. could emerge from the tract of country are pretty well guarded, and he'!1 be in a fine mess, when he does put in an appearance, to show himself upon a public road. Yet by this time I should say he must be nigh starved. Sooner or later he'll have to come out for food. I've a little scheme of my thing disturbing, lurking close at man concluded, with a twinkle in his keen brown eyes. "I'm not giving his chair back and walked to the winit away. If I catch him for you, that's all that's wanted, I imagine, and we shan't be any the nearer to it for letting anyone into my little secret." His master noddea.

"You shall have your rise out of the police, if you can, Middleton," he obrerved. "It seems queer, though, to believe that the fellow's still in hiding round here."

They made their way, single file, to the road and up to the house. Lord Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uneasiness which seemed to have arisen in the minds of all of them.

"Come," he said, "we must put aside our disappointment for the present. and remember that after all the chances are that Craig will never make his escape alive. Let us forget him for a little while. . . . Mr. Quest," he added, a few minutes later, as they reached the hall, "Moreton here will show you your room and look after you. Please let me know if you will take an aperitif. I can recommend my sherry. We dine at eight o'clock. Edgar, you know your way. The blue room, of course. I am coming up with you myself. Her ladyship back yet, Moreton?"

'Not yet, my lord." "Lady Ashleigh," her husband explained, "has gone to the other side of ing doing out there," the county to open a bazaar. She is looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you at dinner time."

banqueting hall, was to Quest, espe- retiring, gazing about him with an cially, a most impressive meal. They sat at a small round table lit by large as an Italian palace, was in b shaded lights, in the center of an dozen wax candles in silver can apartment which was large in reality, sticks. His four-poster was suppor traits-Ashleighs in the queer Tudor chain armor, sword in hand, a charger the near distance; Ashleighs befrilled off, they never picked the scent up the eye of many an antiquarian, was and impalpable danger. again either on this side or the other. ranged along the black-paneled walls.

the country of any took the key of the caught in the law boughs of a tree, reundings, and a strungling figure.

Novertheless, he entertained the little Quest had the a reach eighe and was party with many stories. He struckled all the time against that queer sense

The professor's pleasure nonned. the the

a wonderfully chased First ill the mber wisto, hwhile sent you ! wild a few seconds before a ... de you ford of Ashleigh and trugaling seiontific man." The world has benefited by

herd Achteigh remarked, with a han fraternal courtesy, "We I



Showing the Guest Through Hamblin House.

great things of you over here, Edgar. We hear that you have been on the 'It's a wild bit of country, this, and I point of proving most unpleasant

'Oh! there is no doubt about that," those gentlemen from Scotland Yard, the professor observed. 'Where we came from and where we are going to remark, and hoping that this gentle- are questions which no longer afford does elude us is the nature of our tendencies while we are here on earth."

There was a brief silence. The port had been placed upon the table and coffee served. The servants, according to the custom of the house, had departed. The great apartment was empty. Even Quest was impressed by some peculiar significance in the long-drawn-out silence. He looked around him uneasily. The growing regard of that long line of painted warriors seemed somehow to be full of menace. There was something grim, too, in the sight of those empty suits

"I may be superstitious," Lord Ashleigh said, "but there are times, especially just lately, when I seem to find a new and hateful quality in silence. What is it, I wonder? I ask you, but I think I know. It is the conviction that there is some alien presence, somehand.

lie suddenly rose to his feet, pushed dow, which opened level with the ground. He threw it up and listened. The others came over and joined him. There was nothing to be heard but the distant hooting of an owl, and farther away the barking of some farmhouse dog. Lord Ashleigh stood there with training eyes, gazing out across the

oark. "There was something here," he muttered; "something which has gone What's that? Quest, your eyes are younger than mine. Can you see anything underneath that tree?" Quest peered out into the gray dark-

"I fancied I saw something moving in the shadow of that oak," he muttered. Walt.

He crossed the terrace, swung down on to the path, across the lawn, over a wire fence and into the park itself. All the time he kept his eyes fixed on certain spot. When at last he reached the tree there was nothing there. He looked all around him. He stood and listened for several moments. A more utterly peaceful night or more utter peace it would be hard to imagine. Slowly he made his back to the house.

"I imagine we are all a little ne tonight," he remarked. There's n

They strolled about for a hour or more, looking into different rooms, showing their guest the finest pictu ven taking him down into the wo Dinner, served, out of compliment to ful cellars. They parted early their transatiantic visitor, in the great Quest stood, for a few momenta be almost of awo. His great room and which seemed vast by reason of by pillars of black onk, carved into the shadows which hovered around the strange forms, and surmounted by the unlit spaces. From the walls frowned Ashleigh coronet and cont-of-arms, lie down a long succession of family por- threw his windows open wide and stood for a moment looking out across costume of Henry VII; Ashleighs in the park, more clearly visible now by the light of the slowly rising moon. waiting, regardless of perspective, in There was scarcely a breeze stirring. scarcely a sound even from the animal and bewigged; Ashleighs in the court world. Nevertheless, Quest, too, as redress of the Georges-judges, sailors, luctantly he made his preparations for statesmen and soldiers. A collection retiring for the night, was conscious edge of the river, where he stepped of armor which would have gladdened of that quer sensation of unimagined

(TO BE CONTINUED.)